

December 21
1939

Millennial Star

Christmas 1939

"... For
unto you
is born
this day..."





CHRISTMAS

By Gladys Quayle

FIRST PRIZE.

CHRISTMAS POETRY CONTEST

The spirit of Christmas is remembrance—
Remembrance of a bygone day,
When to this earth a tiny Stranger
Came, and in a manger lay.
Not for Him the pomp and splendour
Of a King of royal birth;
Just a humble, lowly stable
Witnessed His advent on earth.

Not unknown—His Mother Mary
Knew He was the Son of God;
Had not an angel brought the tidings.
He was Jesus Christ the Lord?
Not unsung—for countless angels
Heralded this Holy Child.
“Peace on earth” their joyous message
Thrilled the pure and undefiled.

Peace on earth now rests with nations.
Peace of mind we all can find;
If we daily heed the counsel
Of the Saviour of mankind;
We must keep the Christmas spirit
Freely giving as He gave,
That peace eternal may be ours
In that life beyond the grave.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR

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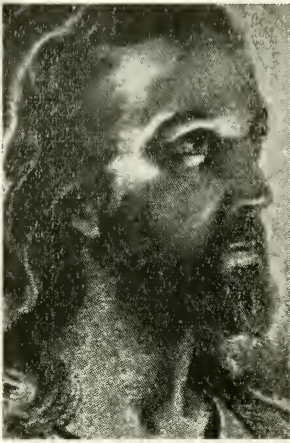


THIS WEEK'S COVER

THE First Christmas is the appropriate title given the painting on this week's cover by the artist. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints joins with the world in paying homage to Jesus Christ, the Son of God. As J. A. Francis has said, "Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone and today He is the Centre of the human race and the Leader of the column of progress. I am far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that were ever built, and all the parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned. put together, have not affected the life of man upon this earth as powerfully as has this one solitary life."

“Whom Say Ye That I Am?”

By HUGH B. BROWN



Jesus the Christ

THERE was born in Bethlehem of Judea, one Jesus, surnamed the Christ. The facts of His birth, life and death are well attested, of record, and generally accepted as authentic. There are few who doubt the earthly existence of the Man known in literature as Jesus of Nazareth. Men are not so well informed, however, on the question of His ante-mortal life.

The one Church which bears His name, declares Him to be the Son of the Living God, the Redeemer of the world, the One of whom the ancient prophets wrote in hopeful expectation, the One, who while He lived, was by His followers esteemed as Christ, the Saviour.

This Man, whose birth the Christian nations celebrate on December 25th, stands out as the most powerful personality in all history. In the excellence of His character, the simplicity and beauty of His life, the value of His teaching and example, He stands alone. Great leaders throughout the centuries, some of whom have doubted His Divinity, unite in proclaiming Him the greatest among them. His birth marked at once the end of one era and the beginning of another. His life is as a great watershed from which the streams of time flow in both directions.

Permitted to live only thirty-three years, engaged in active service a little longer than the average elder spends as a missionary in the field, brutally deprived of life when in His prime, known to but few while He lived, and crucified between thieves on Golgotha's lonely hill, this Son of God has affected the lives of men as has no person who ever lived upon the earth.

Did this person, Jesus Christ, begin to be when His mother, Mary, placed Him in that manger in the obscure village in Bethlehem? No, His spirit lived before that time. He was known in the councils of the Gods before the earth was made. This King of the Jews had been a factor in the history of the Israelites, was indeed the Jehovah of the old testament.

To properly evaluate the great event which was shrouded in obscurity nineteen hundred and thirty-nine years ago, we must see in this Holy Babe of Bethlehem the incarnation of the first born Son of God, chosen and ordained to be the Saviour and Redeemer of a world which was then in contemplation. We must recognize in Him the God of Adam and of Noah, of Abraham and Israel. We must see in Him the One who is yet to be the King of kings.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints proclaims the pre-existence and foreordination of Jesus of Nazareth, proclaims that before His birth, He was with God, the Father, in the creation of the world, that He was born in the flesh of the Virgin Mary, as other babes are born, with the single and notable exception that no earthly man was His Father, for He was the Son of God. The Church proclaims and accepts as sacred the records which tell of His birth, life, death, and physical resurrection. It declares that through His life and sacrifice, there was brought about the atonement, which, when made fully operative by obedience to the laws of the Gospel, will bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man. The Church proclaims the restoration in this age of the power by which He wrought His mighty miracles, and claims this to be the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times; and lastly, to a war-weary world it brings the hopeful tidings that He will return again to the earth in the near future with power and glory and will reign as Lord and King.

Let us then to the Law and Testimony and see if there is confirmation for these, to some, startling declarations. First, then, as to His pre-existence and foreordination. John the Revelator tells us that there was war in Heaven between Michael and his angels on the one side and the dragon and his angels on the other. Lucifer, the Son of the Morning, was with his angels cast out of heaven. The prophet Isaiah laments his fall in these words,

“How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit.” (Isaiah 14: 12-15)

We cite this scripture to indicate that the author of war and contention and rebellion is Satan, the dragon, Lucifer, the devil himself, and we affirm in passing that they who make wars, prompted by greed and the spirit of aggression, who persecute the weak and breed hatred in the earth, are in the service of this fallen angel, who because of unrighteous ambition and a desire to rob men of their agency, was cast out of heaven.

Jesus, the Son of God, was present and was on the Father's side when this great struggle took place. He offered Himself as a sacrifice without asking for the glory. Also this same Jesus, under the direction of His Father, created the earth on which we live. Note the words of the apostle John,

“In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. *All things* were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made . . . And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth.” (John 1: 1-3, 14)

There can be no question that the Word mentioned by John

was the Christ Himself, for He was made flesh and dwelt among them. Both St. John's Gospel and the book of Genesis open with the words, "In the beginning" and both refer to the same occasion, i.e., the beginning of the world. Paul refers to the purpose and grace of Jesus Christ before the world began (II Timothy 1: 9) and in I Peter 1: 19, 20, we read these unambiguous words:

"But with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot: Who verily was foreordained before the foundation of the world, but was manifest in these last times for you."

The Saviour Himself declared, "For I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me." (John 6: 38) And again He said: "What and if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where he was before?" Hear Him saying to the doubting Jews, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am." This could only have referred to a pre-existent state, for Abraham preceded Christ into earth life by nineteen centuries. Again He declares, "I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world: again, I leave the world, and go to the Father." Also, "I have glorified thee on the earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do. And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was."

Many other scriptures could be quoted to verify the statement that Christ was in the beginning with the Father. The Book of Mormon is replete with such references. The Doctrine and Covenants and the Pearl of Great Price, modern revelations, affirm this same eternal truth.

One of the many evidences in the Book of Mormon can be found in Ether, 3: 13, 14, where the Lord, addressing an ancient prophet—the brother of Jared—says, "Because thou knowest these things ye are redeemed from the fall; therefore ye are brought back into my presence; therefore I show myself unto you.

"Behold, I am he who was prepared from the foundation of the world to redeem my people. Behold, I am Jesus Christ."

We celebrate then, this Christmas day, not only the birth of a babe in Bethlehem, but the advent in mortal tabernacle of the very Son of God Himself, who took upon Himself mortality, became subject unto death, that He might conquer it and become the first fruits of the resurrection. We celebrate the greatest single event in all history. Recognizing Him for what He is, the Creator and Redeemer of the world, we declare the joyous message in the midst of chaos and of confusion, that victory is His, that truth will triumph, that Christmas is the celebration of an event, the full import of which will only be realized when He comes again to rule and reign, when peace shall be permanently established in the earth, and when He shall take His place as King of kings. He will rule in a kingdom whose entire legal code will be compressed into the three simple words, "Thou shalt love." We, with the Apostle Peter, declare to all the world, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

Without Price

By EDA V. LONGBONE

FIRST PRIZE CHRISTMAS STORY

JOHN and Judith Trehern looked around the spare room where their son Robin's Christmas presents were stored. There were many toys there; the usual things a boy of nearly seven years loves—mechanical trains, motors, story books, puzzles, games, and a beautiful bicycle which was to be the pride of boy Robin's heart.

"What on earth is there left for us to give him?" asked John ruefully. "There's everything here he can possibly play with for months."

Judith's thoughts were especially busy. It was but two days before Christmas and their son must have a gift from Mum and Dad. It must be something that will last, something that will be of help to him in life.

"John," she said suddenly, "I have thought of a gift we can give Robin."

John looked up expectantly. "What, dear?"

"Let us give him the gift of 'Love.'" The answer was slowly and thoughtfully given.

Love! That sounded strange. Love! "But we do love him now Judith."

"Yes, I know we do," she replied. "It's hard to explain, but he has enough material things. This will not cost us money, but effort. John, let us resolve that we will give Robin *real* love. Let us never speak unkindly to him, or in front of him, about anyone or anything. Let all of our words and actions be prompted by love; let us make this a home of real love for him."

Their eyes met. "I see." This time it was the man who spoke slowly and thoughtfully. "It would be a wonderful gift—a priceless one."

There was silence in the room until John again spoke.

"Can we add two more gifts Judith? Gifts that he will need as he grows to manhood. Let us also give him 'Honesty' and 'Wisdom.'"

That night, by the side of a small bed, two parents knelt hand in hand and asked the Giver of all good gifts to help them give their boy Love, Honesty, and Wisdom.



"Let us give him
'Love!'"

Early Christmas morning Robin awoke and examined the presents that were placed around his bed. They were all just what he wanted—especially that bicycle. But just a

moment. What had Mum and Dad given him? There was nothing with their name on.

Robin slipped into their room and tenderly put his arms around his mother. She pulled him in beside her as she whispered, "Happy Christmas, my darling."

Their low talking soon aroused John. Mum and Dad had presents too. Dad said his nicest was a leather book-mark of peculiar design which had been made by the boy Robin. There was a pretty silk handkerchief from him for Mum.

After the excitement had somewhat abated, John and Judith placed Robin between them and explained their proposed gifts to him. Love, Honesty, Wisdom—it did not sound much, but they were Mum and Dad and could do no wrong in their son's eyes. He had a bicycle anyway.

Thus were the gifts of Love, Honesty, and Wisdom first given to Robin Trehern.

Twenty years later, John and Judith stood together and read a letter which had just arrived. Time had dealt kindly with these two. They looked well and happy standing there. No other children had been born to them; but Robin, now big and tall, had proved the greatest of all blessings. Everyone loved him. The letter they held in their hands was to tell them that he had been chosen to represent his firm on a delicate mission to the far East. It read, in part, as follows:

"Your son has been chosen by us, in spite of his extreme youth, because of his wisdom in dealing with intricate matters, and the absolute honesty which has marked all of his work. These qualifications are necessary under the existing conditions in the far East. We would also report that he has another great asset which has brought him recognition. He is revered by both the heads and the workers of our various departments. He gives the impression that he loves everyone. That is his secret. We wish that more of our employees possessed his virtues."

John's voice choked a little as he read out the last words of this amazingly friendly letter from the austere head of Robin's firm. That he should trouble to write to them at all was surprising. Judith rubbed her eyes against John's shoulder. Both minds went back twenty years, for it again was but two days before Christmas. Robin was coming home for the holiday and with him a girl—the girl, he said.

Softly and simultaneously they spoke. "We gave him these priceless gifts—Love, Honesty, and Wisdom."



"Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls: Who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it."



JOSEPH SMITH

The STAR reminds its readers of the 134th anniversary of the Prophet Joseph Smith's birth by printing the introduction to his biography, *Joseph Smith, An American Prophet* by John Henry Evans.

HERE is a man who was born in the stark hills of Vermont; who was reared in the backwoods of New York; who never looked inside a college or high school; who lived in six States, no one of which would own him during his lifetime; who spent months in the vile prisons of the period; who, even when he had his freedom, was hounded like a fugitive; who was covered once with a coat of tar and feathers, and left for dead; who, with his following, was driven by irate neighbours from New York to Ohio, from Ohio to Missouri, and from Missouri to Illinois; and who, at the unripe age of thirty-eight, was shot to death by a mob with painted faces.

Yet this man became mayor of the biggest town in Illinois and the State's most prominent citizen, the commander of the largest body of trained soldiers in the nation outside the Federal army, the founder of cities and of a university, and aspired to become President of the United States.

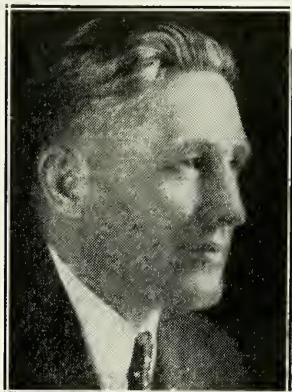
He wrote a book which has baffled the literary critics for a hundred years and which is today more widely read than any other volume save the Bible. On the threshold of an organizing age he established the most nearly perfect social mechanism in the modern world, and developed a religious philosophy that challenges anything of the kind of history, for completeness and cohesion. And he set up the machinery for an economic system that would take the brood of fears out of the heart of man—the fear of want through sickness, old age, unemployment, and poverty.

In thirty nations are men and women who look upon him as a greater leader than Moses and a greater prophet than Isaiah; his disciples now number close to a million; and already a granite shaft pierces the sky over the place where he was born, and another is in course of erection over the place where he received the inspiration for his book.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1939

EDITORIAL

Peace And Good Will Toward Men



Hugh B. Brown

British Mission President

“AND the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.”

Again we rejoice in the spirit of Christmas; again we remind our readers that Christ was born in the city of David and that at His birth a multitude of the heavenly host sang “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.”

The angels who announced His birth were not unmindful of the fact that a wicked Herod would seek His destruction and that forces of evil would oppose His mission and message until they nailed His body to the cross. The heavenly host sang “Glory to God” not only for the initial fact of His birth, but because they could see beyond Calvary through the centuries that were to follow—through the night of darkness and the reign of evil to that glorious day when the principles for which He lived and died would become universal in the earth and He, who was to become the Prince of Peace, should rule.

We must not allow the unpleasant facts which are about us to blind us to all the beauty of the world. The ways of force are more precipitate than are the ways of love, but love is more enduring. The former, like the wind, may bring havoc and cause destruction, but the latter, like the sun, shines on long after the storm has spent itself. Love, like the sun, brings warmth and light and life to the world.

The Forsaking Of Evil Will Bring Peace

WHEN Christ was born in Bethlehem, a new light dawned upon the world. And though a night of darkness has intervened and though the clouds of evil have at times obscured that light—and even now the storms are all about us—still they who have the vision, without which the people must perish, undauntedly proclaim to all men that the clouds of error must disappear and the light of His truth shine through; that when

men are willing to forsake the ways of evil, they may realize the promise of peace on earth which heralded His coming.

Christmas, and that for which it stands, calls upon us to seek the faculty to propagate happiness in a world where the word "propaganda" is being so overworked by the forces of evil. Times like these call for thoroughbreds, and a thoroughbred never whimpers. He is larger than the things which tend to annoy him. Oh, the inexhaustible wealth of a cheerful, sunny soul. Let those of us who do not have things to give, scatter sunshine, which is one of the fruits of the Gospel. The spirit of good cheer characterized His life from the manger to the cross. "*Be not afraid*" was His heartening injunction at times when men's hearts were failing them.

The tranquil stream of joy, whose refreshing waters gave buoyancy to His life, had its source in the eternal heights beyond the reach of men to either divert or poison, be they Herods, Pilots, Judas' or modern tyrants. He reminds us that these exhaustless springs are available to all men. He invites us to come and drink freely and promises a joy which "no man taketh from you."

If we could get His vision of life, we could rejoice and be exceeding glad that even though men revile and persecute and speak all manner of evil against us, at this darkened Yuletide, He brings this message, which, if heeded, will guarantee against a black-out of the spirit.

The world is still full of kindness, charity, helpfulness, love, honesty, sincerity, sympathy and faith. These priceless gifts of the spirit may be ours on this Christmas day and throughout the coming year despite the efforts of all the modern Herods who would destroy them. But ours only on condition that we increase and share them.

The Ultimate Victory Of Truth Is Certain

COURAGEOUSLY we welcome Christmas. The babe who was born on that first Christmas day will yet rule as Lord of lords and King of kings. The victory of truth is absolutely certain, but it can become universal only when men practice what He taught and, resisting the down drag of selfishness, realize the fundamental truth that love of God and love of fellow men are indispensable to lasting happiness.

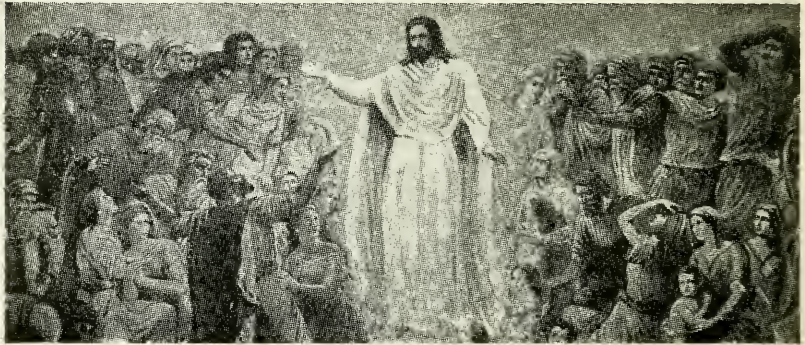
Permanent and universal peace are promised to the world but they can only come when men are prepared to pay the price and make themselves worthy of its blessings. Each one of us, no matter where we are, can cultivate our faculties to appreciate and enjoy the blessings that are about us. Unhappiness and misery proclaim a neglected heart. He whose birth we celebrate this day, who has been called the man of sorrow, had as His slogan the words, "Be of good cheer." In unfortunate or discouraging circumstances, He did not lose His poise. Surely, with such a leader, we can, even in these troublesome times, join with the heavenly host and sing "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—HUGH B. BROWN

Christ In Ancient America

FROM THE INSTRUCTOR

SOME people are afraid of God. Always they look upon Him as the Great Punisher, a sort of Spy, bent only on finding out their sins. This is a deplorable attitude on the part of any one. Such persons should saturate themselves with the spirit of the Book of Mormon. For there God is pictured as compassionate, sympathetic, tender, and this is done through sketches of Jesus, the Christ. Only love can induce the feeling of adoration, worship.

This pen portrait of Jesus begins on the very title page of the Nephite Record. There Jesus is represented as not wishing to "cast off forever" the "remnant of the House of Israel." He is "Christ, the eternal God, manifesting Himself to all nations!" What picture of Christ or God is more beautiful than the one presented to us by King Benjamin? "His blood atoneth for



Christ appearing to the Nephites

the sins of those who have fallen by the transgression of Adam, who have died not knowing the will of God concerning them." Stated thus, it is really a new note in revealed religion. Mosiah, Ammon, the two Almas, the two Moronis, not to speak of Lehi and Nephi, but especially the third Nephi—all these paint a picture of the Christ which we shall not get elsewhere in sacred literature.

Those who have read this Fifth Gospel will remember the scenes. First, there were some extraordinary convulsions of Nature, during which valleys became mountains, mountains turned into valleys, and huge lakes appeared where there were none before. Then, while the living were mourning their dead, a Voice penetrated the air from above. It was "not harsh, neither loud," but "small," and so piercing that "there was no part of the frame that it did not cause to quake," or "hearts to burn." It was the voice of the risen Christ, whose coming the Nephite prophets had foretold.

Among the Nephites he performed more wonderful miracles

and appeared more tender than among the ancient Israelites. This was probably because of the greater faith of the Americans. Calamity, suffering, death, and sorrow had mellowed their souls. Besides, they had a better, a clearer understanding of the prophets, in the light of what was taking place, than the Jews had of their leaders. And so Jesus could speak in greater plainness to them than He had done to the Jews.

Here, for instance, is something He would not have said to the inhabitants of Palestine: "Behold, I say unto you that the law is fulfilled that was given unto Moses. I am he that gave the law, and I am he who covenanted with my people; therefore, the law in me is fulfilled, for I came to fulfil the law; therefore it hath an end."

And then, consider this scene, which could not have occurred across the waters:

"And it came to pass that when Jesus had made an end of praying unto the Father, he arose; but so great was the joy of the multitude that they were overcome. And Jesus bade them arise, and they arose. And when they arose, he said unto them, 'Blessed are ye because of your faith. And now behold, my joy is full!'

"And when he said these words, he wept, and the multitude bear record of it.

"And he took their little children, one by one, and blessed them, and prayed unto the Father for them. And when he had done this, he wept again. And he spake unto the multitude, and said unto them, 'Behold your little ones!'

"**A**nd when they looked to behold, they saw the heavens open, and angels descending out of heaven as it were in the midst of fire; and they came down and encircled those little ones about; and the angels did minister unto them."

And later this picture: "And it came to pass, when they [the apostles] were all baptized and had come up out of the water, the Holy Ghost did fall upon them, and they were filled with the Holy Ghost and with fire. And they were encircled about as if it were by fire; and it came down from heaven. And the multitude did witness it, and did bear record; and angels did come down out of heaven and did minister unto them. And while the angels were ministering unto them, Jesus came and stood in the midst and ministered unto them.

"He commanded the multitude that they should kneel down, and he commanded that the disciples [the apostles] should pray. And they began to pray; and they did pray unto Jesus, calling him their Lord and their God. And Jesus departed out of the midst of them, and went a little way off and bowed himself to the earth" in prayer.

No such pictures are to be found elsewhere than in the Book of Mormon. They are scenes that make us feel how near Jesus is to us, how sympathetic, how tender He can be and is. And this inspires love, not fear. We are lifted in spirit; we feel that it is a joy, and not a burden, to be religious.

Is There A Santa Claus?

FROM THE NEW YORK SUN, SEPTEMBER 21st, 1897:

WE take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of *The Sun*:

Dear Editor,

I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.

Papa says, "If you see it in *The Sun*, it's so."

Please tell me the truth—Is there a Santa Claus?

VIRGINIA O'HANLON.

115 West 95th Street.

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the scepticism of a sceptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours, man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas, how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.



You tear apart the baby's rattle and see

what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ay, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus? Thank God he lives, and he lives forever! A thousand years from now, Virginia; nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.



Christmas Contest Winners

WORD is received from the judges of the MILLENNIAL STAR Christmas Prose and Poetry Contest that the story, "Without Price," by Sister Eda V. Longbone of the Brighton Branch, has been named as the first prize entry. "Christmas," composed by Sister Gladys Quayle of the Sunderland Branch, has been awarded first place in the poetry contest. Both of these compositions appear in this week's STAR.



Eda V. Longbone



Gladys Quayle

Sister Quayle also received recognition in the prose division by winning third place with "The Conversion." Brother Robert D. Rogers, of the Air-drie Branch, was awarded second prize in the poetry contest with his poem "Christmas Gift," while contributions of Sister Muriel C. Perry of Wales District and Brother C. S. G. Armstrong of Cheltenham rated third prize and honourable mention, respectively.

Sister Margaret Walker, of Sunderland, is the winner of the second prize in the Christmas Story contest with "Following the Star." "And A Little Child Shall Lead Them" by Sister Agnes Bourne of the Liverpool Branch obtained the honourable mention prize.

Prizes to be given the winners in the competition are: first prize, *Joseph Smith, An American Prophet* by John Henry Evans; second prize, *Brigham Young* by Susa Young Gates; third prize, *The Power of Truth* by William George Jordan; and honourable mention prize, a three months' subscription to the MILLENNIAL STAR. Prizes in the Poetry and Prose divisions will be duplicate.

The STAR wishes to thank all who took part in the contest and to congratulate the winners.

Greetings From The British Mission Relief Society Board

DEAR Sisters of the Relief Society:
We are very glad to have this opportunity to send to you, through the MILLENNIAL STAR, our heartfelt Christmas greetings and to wish you a very prosperous New Year.

We also wish to thank you all for your loyalty and support in the work of the Relief Society. We cherish a hope that, although the way may be hard, we will continue to do our part patiently, prayerfully and unitedly.

Sister Zina C. Brown, our President, separated from us for the present, has, nevertheless, the cause of the British Relief Societies very much at heart. She has done a great work while she laboured in our midst, and we wish, with your personal help and interest, to keep and even improve the standard and quality of the Relief Society work in Great Britain.

We want to feel that you are behind us and with us continually in the realization of our two great projects, namely:

"The Relief Society Magazine in every British Latter-day Saint home," and "Members old, members new, one hundred thousand by forty-two."

Be determined. Keep a smile and a cheerful heart wherever you go. That God may bless you abundantly and the work in which we are engaged, and that we may have peace to do His will, are the sincere wishes of your sisters in the Gospel.

MARIE W. ANASTASIOU, MIRIAM MANN,
HELEN POOLE, LILLIAN STARBUCK,
MAUD E. HAWKES,
British Mission Relief Society Board.



Annual Building Fund Contest Announced



Ray M. Russell

THE STAR is pleased to announce that word has been received from America from Dr. Ray M. Russell, former Mission Superintendent, Y.M.M.I.A. and sponsor of the annual Building Fund Contest, that in keeping with his policy of the last few years, he is offering a prize of £2:0:0 to the branch in the British Mission which collects the largest amount for its building fund before the contest closes April 1st, 1940.

The second and third prizes will be £1:0:0 and ten shillings, respectively. The determination of the winners is being postponed to give all branches an opportunity to make plans for increasing their funds. As in the past, money awards will not be made to branches which have won the contest in previous years.

The STAR wishes to thank Doctor Russell on behalf of the entire Mission for his kind remembrance of the saints whom he served so well during his extended stay in this country. Although he is far away, he is not forgotten.

The Resurrection Of The Dead

By ELDER WILLIAM E. BERRETT

NINETEEN centuries ago Jesus of Nazareth died upon a Roman cross and His body was placed in a Jewish sepulchre. Witnesses record that three days later, after the manner of Jewish reckoning, the spirit of Jesus took up His body and thereafter in the flesh appeared unto many — saying unto them, “handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bone, as ye see me have”—that this same Jesus appeared many times in various places over a forty-day period before finally ascending into the heavens.

The happenings thus recorded are in full accord with the doctrines taught by the Master while living naturally in the flesh: “Destroy this temple (that is, body) and in three days I will raise it up again.” And also the statement, “I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.” Twenty years later the Apostle Paul in writing to the Saints of Corinth centres his message around the most vital Christian fact—the resurrection of the Christ.

“For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures;

“And that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures:

“And that he was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve:

“After that, he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep.

“After that, he was seen of James; then of all the Apostles.

“And last of all he was seen of me also . . .” (I Cor. 15: 3-8)

Many peoples before the time of Christ believed in a resurrection of the body at some period after death, but no such union of the separated spirit and body had been observed. It was the reality of the experiences of the Apostles of Jesus with their resurrected Lord which galvanized them into action and lent such force to the Christian movement that in the course of a century it swept through the Mediterranean world. It is:



The Risen Christ and Mary

significant that the sudden zeal of these followers of the Christ in spreading His gospel and their willingness to seal their testimonies with their blood have never been satisfactorily explained except on a basis of the reality of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus.

And yet this knowledge of a resurrection which was once attained came to be lost or dimmed in the centuries that followed until it has in many Christian circles survived only as a belief. The resurrection has been oftentimes interpreted as a resurrection not of the body of Jesus but of the ideas of Jesus in the hearts of men. Some of the foremost preachers have recently voiced from the pulpit their belief that the resurrection of the Christ was little more than the view above expressed.

Joseph Smith's teachings in regard to the resurrection were not mere conjectures or beliefs. These do not motivate men to do the things Mormons have done or to make the sacrifices which they have made. Joseph Smith knew that Jesus was a living reality with a body because He appeared unto him and talked to Him face to face as one man talks with another. Not one experience, but several—some of them shared by others—and all in the light of day.

Joseph Smith's knowledge of the reality of a resurrection extended further than experience with the resurrected Christ. Many individuals who once lived upon the earth appeared with resurrected bodies to Joseph Smith and to certain of his associates. Joseph Smith bore witness to seeing on many occasions the resurrected Nephite Prophet, Moroni, and of receiving instructions from him. Three others also bore witness until their dying day that the resurrected Moroni was seen of them in the broad light of day and that they conversed with him.

In the light of these experiences Joseph Smith and his associates could speak of and bear witness to the resurrection through first hand knowledge and not as a matter of mere opinion.

Because of that knowledge Joseph Smith found courage to face a martyr's death and his followers have found new courage to face hardship and a new willingness to sacrifice for a cause.

The faith of the Latter-day Saints in a resurrection of the dead does not rest alone upon the evidences of scripture, nor upon actual experiences with resurrected beings. Christ appointed the Holy Ghost as a comforter and instructor to members of His Church and the Holy Ghost has borne witness to these truths. Tens of thousands of such members today are ready to bear witness to all mankind that the truths thus revealed to Joseph Smith have been confirmed in their hearts. It is this personal knowledge which accounts for the adjustments which Mormons so quickly make after the death of loved ones; for their willingness to go as missionaries into all the world, and for their loyalty and devotion to the Church.

The message of the gospel is a message of gladness to all who have cause to mourn. It is a genuine assurance in an age of scepticism and doubt that life has lasting values and the universe an eternal purpose.

THE LIGHTS OF CHRISTMAS

Turning the yellow scroll of history,
I saw that the most precious gifts to man
Have come from poor men. Bosoms thinly clad
Can feel the bitter wind of the world's need.
And there are earnest souls who are ashamed
That they can give the needy ones about them
So little food and clothing; so they search
Their hearts with the thin fingers of their longing
And sometimes bring forth strangely finer things.

My mother gave me much, but over all
I hold the love of Christmas that she fostered,
Christmas in deeper meaning.

First she lit

The little crimson candle of a baby's
Primitive glee with jolly Yuletide lilts,
Colours, and lights. Next with the tale of Christ
She kindled the white taper of young awe.

And then one empty Christmas-time, her sadness
At having nothing for the ones she loved—
A sorrow almost covered with a smile
And words of hope—she made me see a gleam
Of something that I should have seen before:
That folks in the threadbare garments hold the power
Of doing splendid deeds and giving greatly,
As Jesus proved long centuries ago.

That gleam has brightened to reveal a world
More rich and potent, with a sunrise flush
Of promise.

Likely I shall never gather
A heap of heavy gold, but I believe
That some day I may reach an inner vein
Of some strong metal for the tools of men
Who work the roadways to the high plateau.

—Carlton Culmsee

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